

JERU THE DAMAJA – SEINFELD LYRICS

ham hops, crack rocks, ooo-wops, cell blocks

biscuits, gravy, smothered pork chops

big diamond bracelets, mad lootin drug spots
high speed chases, robbiries, crooked cops

b-tches with fat -sses, no brain and drop top
guess who's pregnant, so and so got shot

benzes, blue and green contact lenses

ya money, ya car and how live you and your mens is
knowin who your friends is, millionaire dollar shoppin benjeses

ya money how much them timbs is

in my roll, f-ckin sh-t raw, gettin driz-niz

me and ya dip, in the cut, blazin a bliz, she suckin my diz-nick

cope p'los and heron bricks
so many girls in this world, which one should i pick?

sh-t is gettin thick, you better move quick

rappers is mad gangsters, applying pressure like the heimlich

dime chicks, that i love to stick lick

murderers, thieves, hustlers, pimps and tricks

chorus 6x

lalalalalalalalalala

rolex, fat checks, while s-x in tecks

bad ho's, corresing my chest, sippin the beck's

burning l's in your projects, what's next

it's the first of the month, go get those welfare checks
crazy connects, pushing a lex, suckin on br-sts

sleep all day, all night, f-ck and duck the tech

dibs, the one's that quickest to draws, the one that lives

makin moves like a chess wiz, gotta feed my eight kids
my n-gg-s in the ghetto, know what time it is

i need deep and p-ssy pampers, cribs and bibs

day to day, is how a n-gg- lives

nothing's what a n-gg- is

so he ends up in pri-

zon, i think ya p-ssy so go get ya son
tough -ss rappers, crazy talk no action

got freaky stunts, bring some

makin all queens in my kingdom

eighty n-gg-s can't get a crumb

dizzy broads with dope bodies, a dime a dozen

bottom line the p-ssy bangin, it'll make me c-m

chorus 6x

jagaurs, strip bars, ghetto supastar

me and ya p-ssy out on the road, whippin ya car

i'm takin off her bra, she gettin bucked baby pa

look new, but true, f-ck like a pro likes action

no camera, co reck it and leave a scar

n-gg-s is fake and rough, but sleep like spar

to cuss, bust, dutch us and bringin the ruckus
money makin brothers wanna fight and fuss

cruisin out my flesh light, plus make playas look ridiculous
trying hard, but can't stop the b-mrush

sun trust, all the temples i crush, ya must back up
spontaneous combustion

forty five freaks inside my dungeon

when i get paid i want it in alumson

lick a shot and cause pandemonium

crazy n-gg-s in jail or the insane asylum

brooklyn brooklyn is where i'm from

three minutes and some change and i still ain't say none

chorus 6x